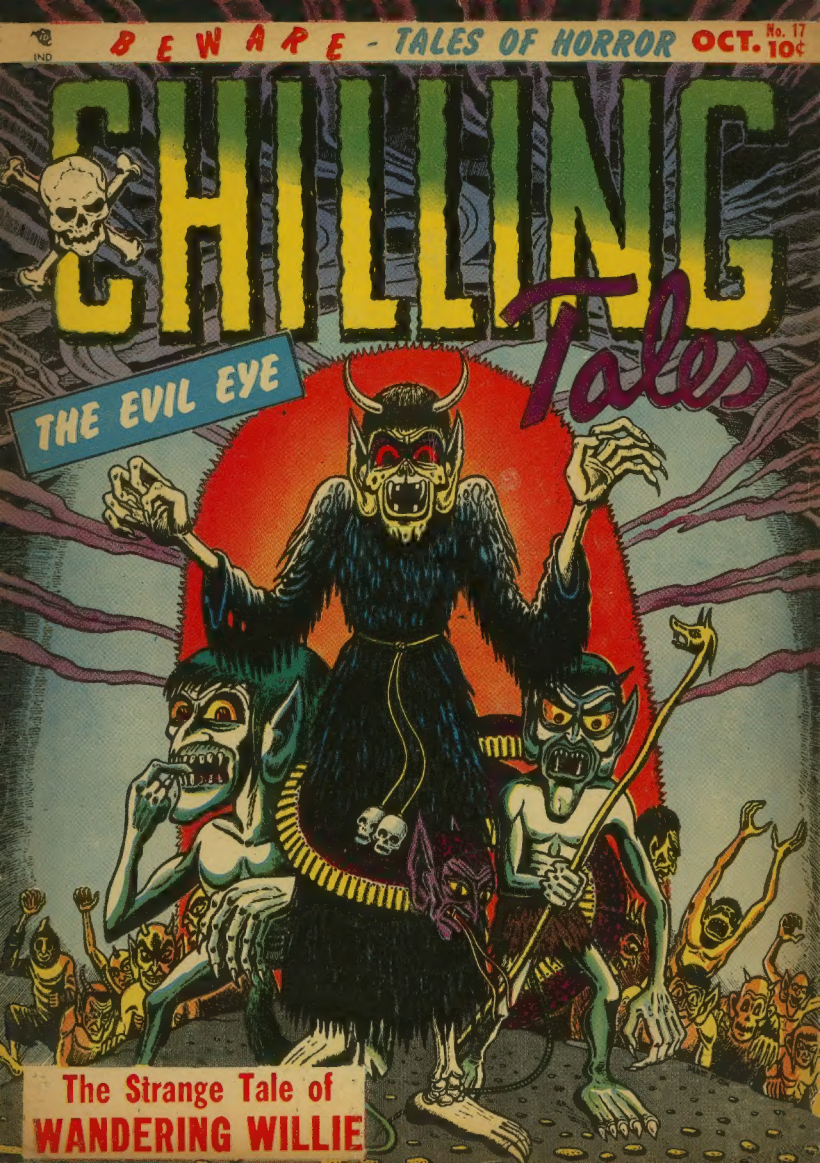
BEWARE - TALES OF HORROR OCT. No. 17 10¢

CHILLING Tales

THE EVIL EYE



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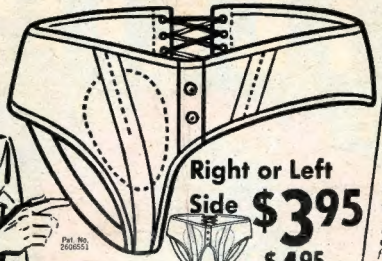

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the Strange Tale of "WANDERING WILLIE"

"HERE'S A STORY THAT'LL CURDLE YOUR BLOOD AND CHILL YOUR BONES! COME TO THE GRIM SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS WHERE TERROR STALKS THE NIGHT. LISTEN NOW TO "*WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE*"..

"*A HORROR CLASSIC BY SIR WALTER SCOTT*"

YE'VE HEARD OF SIR ROBERT REDGAUNTLET, LAIRD OF REDGAUNTLET CASTLE. SOME SAID HE WAS IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL--MY GRANDFATHER, STEENIE STEENSON KNEW!

HE HAD GONE TO THE CASTLE TO PAY SIR ROBERT HIS YEARLY RENT...

ARE YE COME LIGHT-HANDED, YE RASCAL? ZOUNDS! IF YOU ARE...

I HAVE IT ALL, YOUR HONOR.

GOOD! DOUGAL GIVE STEENIE A GLASS O' BRANDY WHILE I COUNT THE SILVER!
AYE, MY LORD--- COME, STEENIE.
THEY HAD NO SOONER LEFT THE ROOM, WHEN A FEARFUL YELL MADE THEM SPIN ROUND IN HORROR...
AYYIIEEE... HELP! DOUGAL, I.. UHHH!
'TIS THE LAIRD!
AYE, HE'S IN TROUBLE!
HE'S HAD A STROKE!
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME! I'D BETTER LEAVE.
SUCH A LOOK I'VE NEVER SEEN--- I'LL GET MY RECEIPT FROM DOUGAL LATER--- WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER.
BUT IT WASN'T TO BE. ON THE NIGHT OF THE FUNERAL, THERE CAME A TERRIBLE SCREAM FROM THE ROOM OF THE DEAD.
EEEEYA!
LOCH! WHAT WAS THAT? IT CAME FROM BEYOND THE TAPESTRY!
WHO'S IN HERE---
AHHH!
YE'LL COME WITH SIR ROBERT, DOUGAL. HE HAS NEED OF YE...
HA HA HA!
2

IN THE MORNING, THEY FOUND OLD DOUGAL DEAD.
WHAT HAPPENED, HUTCHEON?
T'WAS THE DEVIL HIMSELF! HE CAME TO CLAIM THE LAIRD AND DOUGAL!
BUT THE MATTER WAS HUSHED UP AND THE NEW LAIRD CAME TO RUN THE ESTATE. AND ONCE MORE STEENIE WAS CALLED...
STEENIE, YE ARE DOWN HERE FOR A YEAR'S RENT, DUE AT THE LAST TERM.
SIR JOHN, I PAID IT TO YOUR FATHER.
CAN YE PRODUCE A RECEIPT?
I HADNA TIME TO GET ONE! NO SOONER HAD I SET DOWN THE SILVER AND SIR ROBERT WAS TO COUNT IT, THEN HE DIED.
MAYBE YE PAID IT IN THE PRESENCE OF SOMEONE ELSE?
THERE WAS NOBODY IN THE ROOM BUT DOUGAL. BUT, AS YOUR HONOR KENS, HE HAS FOLLOWED HIS MASTER.
SIR JOHN ORDERED A SEARCH, BUT NO SILVER WAS FOUND...
THERE IS NO SILVER. YE EITHER PAY OR FLIT. WHERE CAN THE MONEY HAVE GONE?
TIS PROBABLY IN HELL WITH YOUR FATHER AND DOUGAL!
WHAT! GET THE BAILIFF! I'LL HAVE YOUR THROAT FOR THAT!
GOODBYE, YOUR HONOR. TIS TIME I LEFT!

MY GRANDFATHER, STEENIE, FORTIFIED HIMSELF WITH BRANDY AND MADE HIS WAY HOME THROUGH THE DARK WOODS OF HAUNTED PITMURKIE...
AYE! I AM LOST! MY HOME WILL BE TAKEN-- WOE IS ME!

SUDDENLY, FROM A DARK THICKET, A STRANGER STEPPED BEFORE HIM...
HUH! WHO ARE YOU?
STEENIE, I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.

ME? WHAT ON AIRTH CAN YE WANT WITH ME?
THE AULD LAIRD IS DISTURBED IN HIS GRAVE BY YOUR CURSES! IF YE DARE VENTURE TO GO AND SEE HIM, HE WILL GIVE YOU THE RECEIPT.

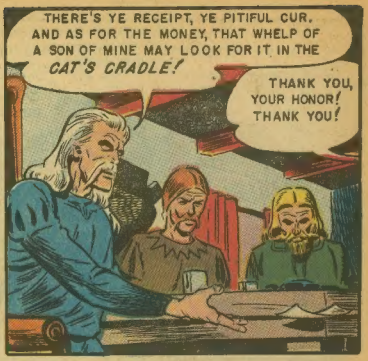
I HAVE THE COURAGE TO GO TO THE GATES OF HELL, AND A STEP FARTHER, FOR THAT RECEIPT.
HA HA HA
THEN COME WITH ME, STEENIE STEENSON!

AND SO STEENIE WENT WITH THE MAN AND THEY SOON CAME TO THE DOOR OF A GRIM CASTLE...
STRANGE...IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A FULL TWELVE MILES AWAY, I'D SWEAR IT WAS THE OLD PORTICOES OF REDGAUNTLET CASTLE...CAN I BE DREAMING?

THE DOOR OPENED AND THEY WERE GREETED BY NONE OTHER THAN DOUGAL...
DOUGAL MAC CALLUM, I THOUGHT YE BE DEAD!
FORGET ABOUT ME AND LISTEN WELL TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.

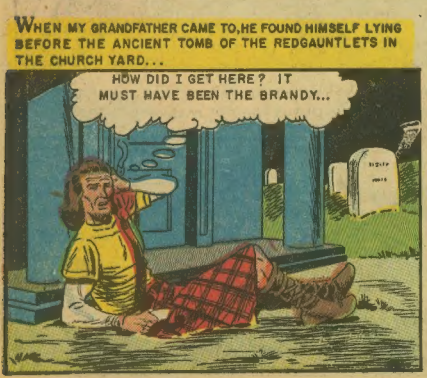
STEENIE STEENSON, TAKE NOTHING FROM ANYBODY HERE, NEITHER MEAT, NOR DRINK, NOR SILVER. ONLY TAKE THE RECEIPT...
I HEAR, DOUGAL.
THEN COME, STEENIE, LAD. SIR ROBERT HAS BEEN CRYING FOR YE...
DOUGAL LED MY GRANDFATHER INTO THE GREAT HALL, WHERE SIR ROBERT AND A CREW OF GHASTLY REVELLERS SAT...
HA HA HA HA!!
STEENIE! HAE YE SETTLED WI' MY SON FOR THE YEAR'S RENT?
NAY! SIR JOHN WILL NOT SETTLE WITHOUT THE RECEIPT!
YE SHALL HAVE IT FOR A TUNE ON THE PIPES! DOUGAL, BRING THE LAD THE PIPES I'VE BEEN KEEPING FOR HIM.
AYE, MY LORD.
A MOMENT LATER DOUGAL RETURNED, CARRYING A SET OF PIPES GLOWING WITH THE FIRES OF HELL, AND THROWING OFF HEAT LIKE A FURNACE...
PLAY AND YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR RECEIPT!
NO... NO. I AM FAINT AND LACK WIND.

THEN YE MUST EAT AND DRINK, STEENIE.
NO, I CAME NEITHER TO EAT, NOR DRINK, NOR TO MAKE MINSTRELSY. I CAME FOR WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE -- THE RECEIPT!


THERE'S YE RECEIPT, YE PITIFUL CUR, AND AS FOR THE MONEY, THAT WHELP OF A SON OF MINE MAY LOOK FOR IT IN THE CAT'S CRADLE!
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR! THANK YOU!

STOP! I AM NOT THROUGH WITH YE! YOU MUST RETURN IN TWELVE MONTHS TO PAY YOUR MASTER THE HOMAGE YOU OWE ME FOR MY PROTECTION.
NAY, I'LL TAKE THE PROTECTION OF GOD, NOT YOURS!
SILENCE NO! NO!

AT THE MENTION OF THAT WORD, THERE WAS A BLAST OF RED FLAME AND THE WORLD SEEMED TO BURST ASSUNDER...
AIEEE!
EAHHHAH!


WHEN MY GRANDFATHER CAME TO, HE FOUND HIMSELF LYING BEFORE THE ANCIENT TOMB OF THE REDGAUNTLETS IN THE CHURCH YARD...
HOW DID I GET HERE? IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BRANDY...

BUT NO! 'TIS THE RECEIPT! IT--IT DID HAPPEN. I MUST SEE SIR JOHN AT ONCE!

STRAIGHT TO REDGAUNTLET HE WENT, AND TOLD SIR JOHN THE STORY...

THE RECEIPT IS DATED BUT YESTERDAY AND IN MY FATHER'S HAND! HAVE YE GONE TO HELL FOR THIS?

I GOT IT FROM YOUR FATHER. WHETHER HE BE IN HEAVEN OR HELL, I KNOW NOT.

I'LL HA YE BURNED FOR A GHOUL. I'LL SEND YE TO THE DEVIL, WITH THE HELP OF A TAR-BARREL AND A TORCH!

NO. I INTEND TO GO TO THE CHURCH, AND TELL THE STORY MYSELF.

WHEN MY GRANDFATHER SAID THIS, SIR JOHN RELEASED HIM AND THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT. THEN...

WAIT, STEENIE, 'TIS THE HONOR OF MY FAMILY AT STAKE. PERHAPS WE BETTER KEEP THIS QUIET.

IF YOU WISH, YOUR HONOR.

LET US TRY TO FIND THIS *CAT'S CRADLE*-- CALL OLD HUTCHEON. HE KNOWS THIS CASTLE AS NO ONE ELSE DOES.

AYE, MY LORD.

FORTUNATELY, OLD HUTCHEON KNEW WHERE THE SPOT WAS..

THE CAT'S CRADLE IS A RUINOUS OLD TURRET NEXT TO THE CLOCK-TOWER HIGH ABOVE THE BATTLEMENTS, MY LORD.

GOOD! COME, STEENIE, WE'LL SEE WHAT IS THERE?

UP THE ROTTING STAIRS THEY CLIMBED UNTIL THEY REACHED THE TURRET. SIR JOHN PULLED OPEN THE MOULDING DOOR AND...

UHH!

BAM!

EEEE

'TIS THE MONKEY! HE'S BEEN GONE ALL THESE DAYS.
I--I THOUGHT IT WAS THE DEVIL!
INSIDE THE TURRET THEY FOUND WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR, EXACTLY AS SIR ROBERT HAD SAID...
'TIS A VERITABLE TREASURE!
AYE, AND THERE'S THE SILVER JUST AS YOU SAID IT WOULD BE. STRANGE, VERY STRANGE... THE MONKEY MUST HAVE BROUGHT THE SILVER UP HERE!
WHEN THEY RETURNED DOWNSTAIRS...
STEENIE, IF YOU HOLD YOUR TONGUE ABOUT ALL THIS, YOU'LL FIND YOUR RENT REDUCED FROM THIS DAY ON.
AYE, MY LORD, I WILL BE AS SILENT AS THE GRAVE.
WE'LL BURN THIS RECEIPT AND GET RID OF IT FOR GOOD.
I'M GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF THAT!
LOOK! IT WON'T BURN!
IT'S SATAN'S PAPER ALL RIGHT!
SUDDENLY THERE WAS A BURST OF DEMON-LIKE LAUGHTER, A FLASH OF RED FLAME AND A CLAP OF THUNDER, AS THE RECEIPT DISAPPEARED UP THE CHIMNEY FOREVER...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
RROOOM
AND KEEP HIS TONGUE MY GRANDFATHER DID TILL THE END OF HIS DAYS. ONLY ON HIS DEATH-BED DID HE TELL MY FATHER WHO TOLD IT TO ME. AND EVEN NOW THE LAUGHTER OF SIR ROBERT AND HIS DEMON CREW IS HEARD 'ROUND REDGAUNTLET CASTLE...

HIDDEN BEHIND THE RUINED WALLS OF THE DECAYING HOUSE ON GRIMPEN MOOR, LAY A SECRET SO GHASTLY THAT MEN WHISPERED WHEN THEY SPOKE OF IT. LISTEN TO THE SPINE CHILLING TALE OF GORDON HOWE, THE MAN WHO LIVED TO TELL THE TERRIFYING STORY OF...

THE SECRET OF LIFE AND DEATH

AS I DROVE TOWARD THE HOUSE ON GRIMPEN MOOR I HAD A PREMONITION TO TURN BACK...

HOWEVER, A FEW MOMENTS LATER IT WAS TOO LATE. I STOOD WAITING FOR THE ANCIENT, DECREPIT DOOR TO OPEN...

I'M CRAZY TO COME TO A PLACE LIKE THIS. IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE A *GRAVEDIGGER* THE *CREEPS*.

AT LAST THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN TO REVEAL A CADAVEROUS OLD MAN WHO PEERED OUT INTO THE DARKNESS AT ME...
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT TO SEE PROFESSOR BLUTRESS. THE AGENCY SENT ME.
OH, YES. YOU MUST BE THE SECRETARY I SENT FOR. I'M PROFESSOR BLUTRESS-- COME IN. COME IN.
AS WE ENTERED THE PROFESSOR'S STUDY AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM CAME FROM THE DARK RECESSES OF THE HOUSE...
GOOD LORD! WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE A SCREAM!
A SCREAM? I HEARD NOTHING, MR. HOWE.
I COULD HAVE SWORN-- PERHAPS IT WAS JUST MY IMAGINATION.
YOU ARE TIRED. LET ME TAKE YOU TO YOUR ROOM. WE'LL DISCUSS YOUR DUTIES IN THE MORNING... COME..
THE NEXT MORNING I AWOKE EARLY AND STARTED DOWNSTAIRS. ON THE WAY DOWN I PASSED A HEAVY BARRED DOOR...
THAT'S...STRANGE! I WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND IT? IT'S THICK ENOUGH TO BE A VAULT.
SUDDENLY I BECAME AWARE OF A FRIGHTFUL ODOR THAT SEEMED TO COME FROM BEHIND THE DOOR. THE NAUSEATING STENCH OF DECAYED, ROTTING FLESH...
UGH! IT'S AWFUL...
2

As I stood wondering what was kept behind that foul door the professor appeared. I pretended I hadn't noticed anything strange...

AH, MR. HOWE. I SEE YOU AWOKE EARLY. LET US HAVE BREAKFAST AND THEN I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

YES, SIR.

After breakfast I learned what the professor was trying to do...

MR. HOWE, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHAT MY WORK IS,... BEFORE YOU BEGIN TO TRANSCRIBE MY NOTES. I AM ON THE VERGE OF DISCOVERING THE *SECRET OF LIFE!*

WHAT!

YES, MR. HOWE, IT IS TRUE! SOON I WILL KNOW WHAT THE OTHERS HAVE TRIED TO FIND OUT, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS.

PERHAPS THERE ARE *SOME* SECRETS THAT ARE BETTER LEFT HIDDEN.

THAT IS NOT FOR YOU TO JUDGE...HERE, YOU WILL START ON THESE. I HAVE WORK TO DO IN MY LABORATORY.

VERY WELL, PROFESSOR.

ONE THING MORE, MR. HOWE. YOU MAY GO ANYWHERE IN THIS HOUSE EXCEPT ONE PLACE... MY LABORATORY. THE ROOM ON THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. YOU ARE *NEVER* TO ENTER THAT ROOM. UNDERSTAND?

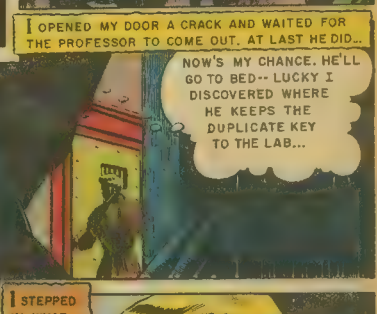
YES, SIR.

For a few days all went well. Then one night I found I couldn't sleep...

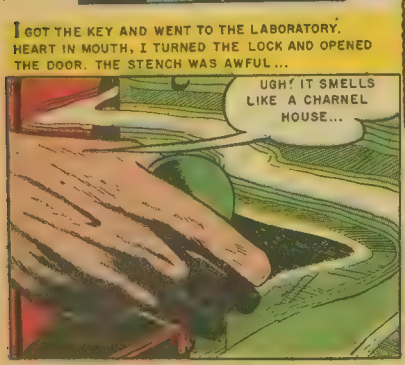
I CAN'T SLEEP... MAYBE IF I OPEN THE WINDOW THE FRESH AIR WILL HELP...

As I opened the window, I looked down.
IT'S THE PROFESSOR! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE HAD GONE OUT... HE NEVER LEAVES THE HOUSE...

THE PROFESSOR DRAGGED SOMETHING FROM THE TRUNK COMPARTMENT OF HIS CAR. IT WAS WRAPPED IN A BLANKET...
THAT...THAT LOOKS LIKE A BODY...!

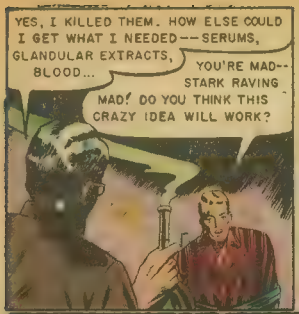

I OPENED MY DOOR A CRACK AND WAITED FOR THE PROFESSOR TO COME OUT. AT LAST HE DID...
NOW'S MY CHANCE. HE'LL GO TO BED-- LUCKY I DISCOVERED WHERE HE KEEPS THE DUPLICATE KEY TO THE LAB...

A MOMENT LATER, I HEARD THE DOOR TO THE LAB BEING OPENED, AND THE SOUND OF SOMETHING HEAVY BEING DRAGGED IN...
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HE IS DOING IN THAT ROOM. I'VE GOT TO KNOW!

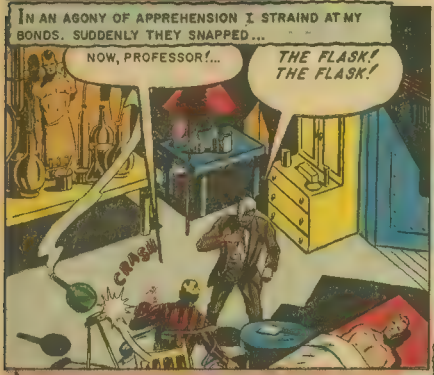

I GOT THE KEY AND WENT TO THE LABORATORY. HEART IN MOUTH, I TURNED THE LOCK AND OPENED THE DOOR. THE STENCH WAS AWFUL...
UGH! IT SMELLS LIKE A CHARNEL HOUSE...

I STEPPED IN. WHAT I SAW DEFIED DESCRIPTION. I WAS STUNNED WITH HORROR...
AHHH

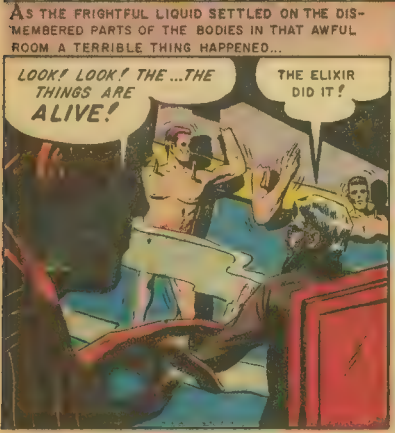
I HAD STEPPED INTO A GRISLY NIGHTMARE. IT WAS A SIGHT THAT MADE MY MIND REEL IN HORROR...
HE-- HE'S A BUTCHER!
BLINDLY I TURNED TO FLEE FROM THAT GHASTLY SIGHT, ONLY TO FIND THE PROFESSOR WAITING FOR ME...WITH A GUN...
SO, MR. HOWE, YOU WOULD GO IN, EH?
YOU!
YES, ME. THE MOMENT YOU TURNED THAT KEY I KNEW WHAT YOU WERE UP TO. AN ALARM RANG IN MY ROOM-- NOW GET INSIDE!...
SINCE YOU ARE SO CURIOUS YOU SHALL SEE MY FINAL EXPERIMENT. THEN, MY FRIEND, YOU SHALL JOIN THE OTHERS ON MY DISSECTING TABLE!--SIT DOWN!
THE PROFESSOR STRAPPED ME TO A CHAIR...
THIS IS THE ELIXIR OF LIFE I HAVE DISTILLED FROM THE BODIES YOU SEE ABOUT YOU.
YOU--YOU KILLED THEM!
8


YES, I KILLED THEM. HOW ELSE COULD I GET WHAT I NEEDED--SERUMS, GLANDULAR EXTRACTS, BLOOD...
YOU'RE MAD--STARK RAVING MAD! DO YOU THINK THIS CRAZY IDEA WILL WORK?

MAD, YOU SAY! YOU SHALL SEE HOW MAD I AM. YOU SHALL SEE WHAT NO MAN HAS SEEN BEFORE--THE CREATION OF LIFE!


IN AN AGONY OF APPREHENSION I STRAIND AT MY BONDS. SUDDENLY THEY SNAPPED...
NOW, PROFESSOR!...
THE FLASK! THE FLASK!
CRASH

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! IT FELL AND EXPLODED, SPRAYING EVERYTHING WITH ITS CONTENTS...
MY ELIXIR! MY LIFE'S WORK! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
YOU ARE CRAZY!
VOOM


AS THE FRIGHTFUL LIQUID SETTLED ON THE DISMEMBERED PARTS OF THE BODIES IN THAT AWFUL ROOM A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED...
LOOK! LOOK! THE ...THE THINGS ARE ALIVE!
THE ELIXIR DID IT!

WITH ONE ACCORD THE FRIGHTFUL THINGS WRITHED, WIGGLED, SQUIRMED TOWARD THE PROFESSOR...
THEY...THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME! --- NO! NO! STAY BACK!
6

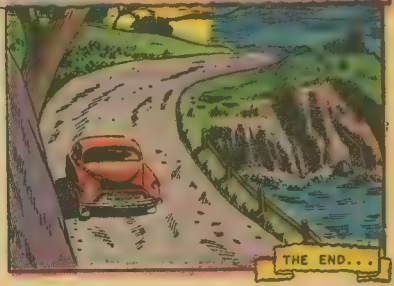
SUDDENLY THE ACRID SMELL OF SMOKE AND THE RISING FLAMES RECALLED ME TO REALITY AND I STUMBLED FROM THAT TERRIBLE PLACE...

DAZED AND HORRIFIED I STUMBLED DOWN THE STAIRS...

AND OUT OF THE HOUSE INTO THE CLEAN NIGHT AIR, THE SCREAMS OF THE PROFESSOR STILL RINGING IN MY EARS...

HOW LONG I STOOD THERE I DO NOT KNOW. AT LAST I STUMBLED TO MY CAR AND DROVE AWAY INTO THE MIST... AND WITH ME I CARRIED A MEMORY OF HORROR, NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN... A MEMORY THAT I WOULD CARRY WITH ME TO THE GRAVE...

AS I WATCHED, THE ROARING FLAMES SEARED THE HOUSE AND BURNED IT TO THE GROUND...



THE TELL-TALE HEART

Edgar Allan Poe

TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am. But why will you say that I am mad? The disease sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all it had made my sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in heaven and earth. I heard many things in hell. How then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how the idea first entered my brain, but once there it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never insulted me. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell on me, my blood ran cold. So, by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh so gently! And then when I had opened it enough to admit my head, I put a lantern in the room, very slowly so that I would not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head in the opening so that I could see him as he lay upon the bed. Ha! Would a madman have been so wise as this? Then I let a single ray of the lamp shine upon the vulture eye. I did this every night for seven nights, but always the eye was closed and it was impossible for me to do the work. For it was not the old man I hated, but the eye.

And every morning, when day broke, I went boldly into his room and talked to him. I asked him how he had passed the night. He would have had to be very wise to suspect that every night, just at twelve I looked in on him as he slept.

Upon the eighth night I had my head in the room and was about to open the lantern when my thumb slipped on the catch. The old man sprang up in bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was a groan of mortal terror. I knew the sound well. I knew what the old man felt and I pitied him, although I chuckled within my heart.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily—until, at length a simple dim ray, like the thread of a spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open-wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with a perfect distinctness—all in a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones. But I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person, for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses? Now there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried to see how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of his heart increased. It grew quicker and

quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say louder every moment! I thought his heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized upon me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes his heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not worry me. It would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If you still think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of his body. The night waned and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited the remains between the beams. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night. Suspicion of foul play had been aroused, information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been sent to search the premises.

I smiled, for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned was away in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and asked them to rest for awhile, while I, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of my victim.

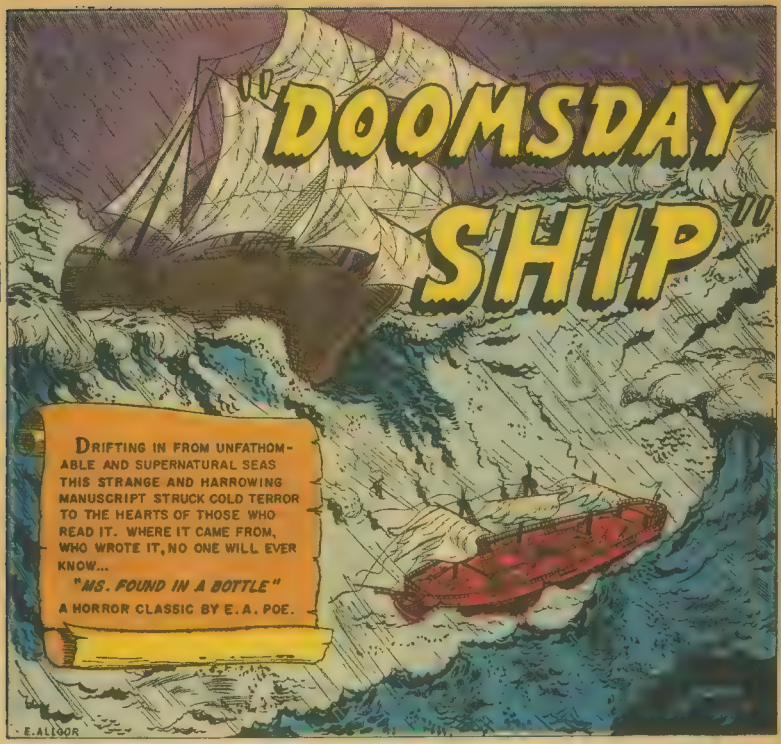
The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears. But still they sat and chatted. The ringing became more intense. It continued and became more distinct. I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling, but it continued until I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale. But I talked more fluently and with a louder voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was low, dull, quick sound—such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers didn't hear it. I talked more quickly—more vehemently, but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gestures, but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not go?

I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! What could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair on which I had been sitting and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they didn't hear? Almighty God! No—no! They heard! They suspected! They knew! They were making a mockery of my horror! But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt I must scream or die! And now again! Hark! Louder! Louder! Louder! LOUDER!

"Villains!" I shrieked, "pretend no more! I admit the deed! Tear up the planks! Here, here! It is the beating of his hideous heart!"

"DOOMSDAY SHIP"



DRIFTING IN FROM UNFATHOMABLE AND SUPERNATURAL SEAS THIS STRANGE AND HARROWING MANUSCRIPT STRUCK COLD TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO READ IT. WHERE IT CAME FROM, WHO WROTE IT, NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW...

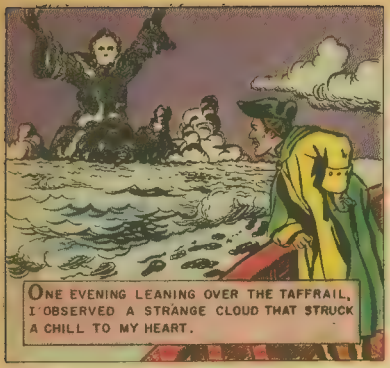
"MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE"

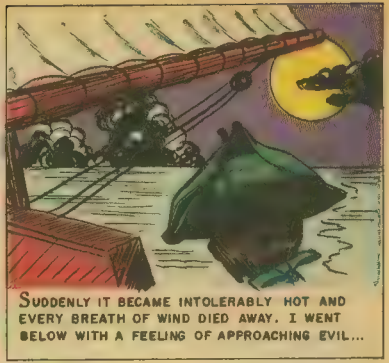
A HORROR CLASSIC BY E. A. POE.

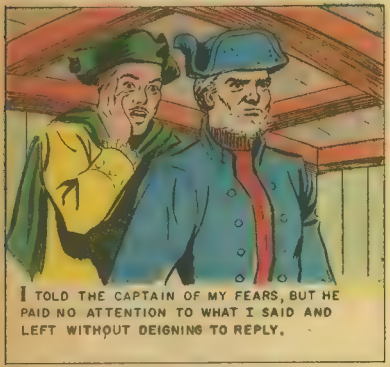
E. ALLCOR

I SAILED IN THE YEAR 1802, FROM THE PORT OF BATAVIA IN JAVA ON A VOYAGE TO THE SUNDA ISLES...

FOR MANY DAYS WE DRIFTED ALONG THE COAST OF JAVA WITHOUT ANY INCIDENT TO BEGUILE THE MONOTONY OF OUR COURSE.


ONE EVENING LEANING OVER THE TAFFRAIL, I OBSERVED A STRANGE CLOUD THAT STRUCK A CHILL TO MY HEART.

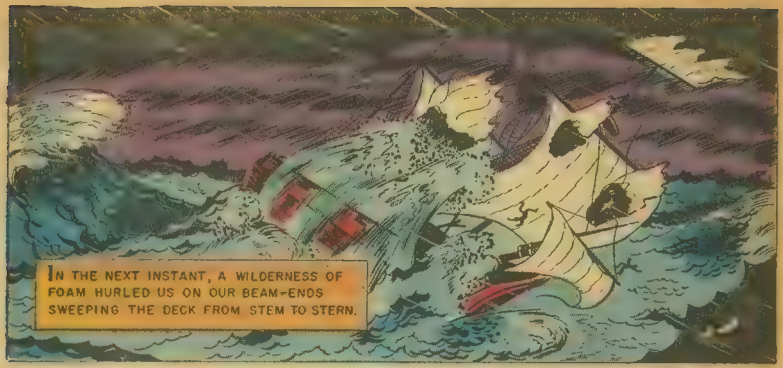

SUDDENLY IT BECAME INTOLERABLY HOT AND EVERY BREATH OF WIND DIED AWAY. I WENT BELOW WITH A FEELING OF APPROACHING EVIL...

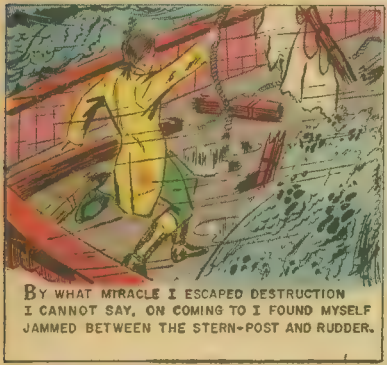

I TOLD THE CAPTAIN OF MY FEARS, BUT HE PAID NO ATTENTION TO WHAT I SAID AND LEFT WITHOUT DEIGNING TO REPLY.

MY UNEASINESS KEPT ME FROM SLEEPING, AND ABOUT MIDNIGHT I DECIDED TO GO ON DECK.

MMMMMMMMM
AS I PLACED MY FOOT ON THE UPPER RUNG OF THE COMPANION LADDER, I WAS STARTLED BY A LOUD AND FRIGHTENING HUMMING NOISE!

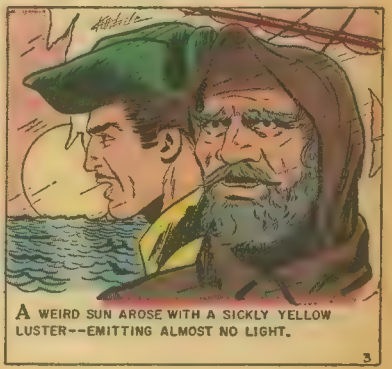
AS I STEPPED ON DECK I FOUND THE SHIP QUIVERING LIKE A STRICKEN BEAST.

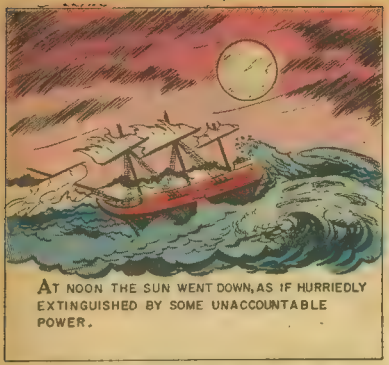

IN THE NEXT INSTANT, A WILDERNESS OF FOAM HURLED US ON OUR BEAM-ENDS SWEEPING THE DECK FROM STEM TO STERN.

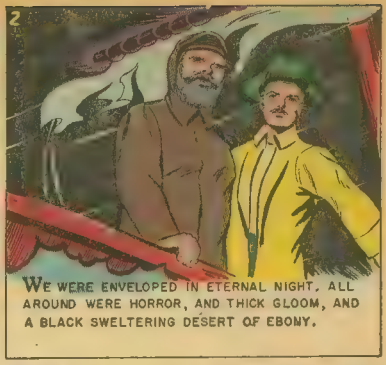

BY WHAT MIRACLE I ESCAPED DESTRUCTION I CANNOT SAY. ON COMING TO I FOUND MYSELF JAMMED BETWEEN THE STERN-POST AND RUDDER.

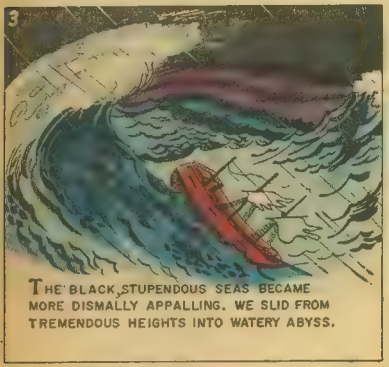
AFTER AWHILE I FOUND ONE SURVIVOR WHO CAME REELING TOWARD ME. ALL THE OTHERS WERE GONE!!

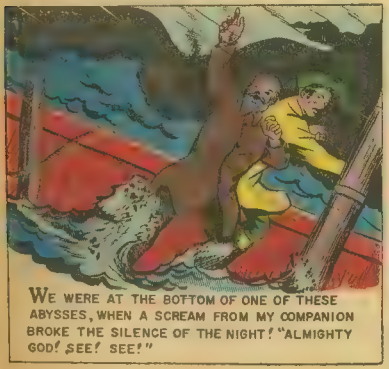
FOR FIVE DAYS WE SCUDDED BEFORE THE WIND, DRIVEN AT A FRIGHTFUL SPEED. ON THE FIFTH DAY IT BECAME STRANGELY COLD.


A WEIRD SUN AROSE WITH A SICKLY YELLOW LUSTER--EMITTING ALMOST NO LIGHT.

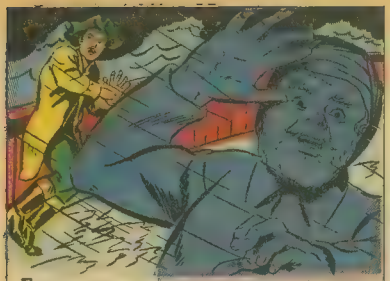

At noon the sun went down, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power.


2
We were enveloped in eternal night. All around were horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony.

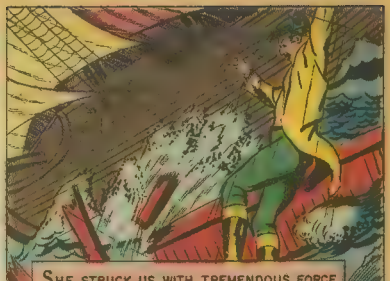

3
The black, stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. We slid from tremendous heights into watery abyss.


We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a scream from my companion broke the silence of the night! "Almighty God! See! See!"

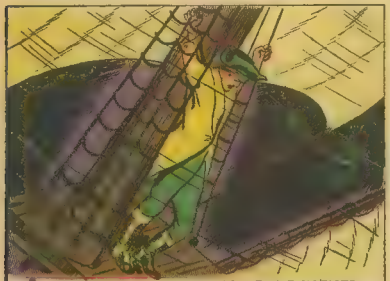
5
In a dull, sullen glare that lit our stricken boat I beheld a spectacle that froze my blood. Reared on the summit of a wave, a hundred times larger than herself, hovered a gigantic ship!



FOR A MOMENT OF INTENSE TERROR SHE PAUSED ON THE GIDDY PINNACLE AND THEN CAME DOWN. IN A PANIC OF FEAR I STAGGERED AFT.

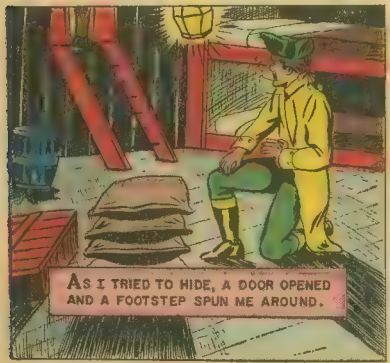


SHE STRUCK US WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE AND I WAS HURLED INTO THE STRANGER'S RIGGING.



AS I CLIMBED DOWN TO HER DECK I NOTICED WITH HORROR THAT SHE BORE FULL SAIL IN THE VERY TEETH OF THAT SUPERNATURAL SEA.

IN AWE AND TERROR I SLUNK INTO THE HOLD, AFRAID OF I KNEW NOT WHAT.



AS I TRIED TO HIDE, A DOOR OPENED AND A FOOTSTEP SPUN ME AROUND.

A MAN PASSED BY MUTTERING TO HIMSELF IN A STRANGE TONGUE. HIS KNEES TOTTERED AND HE SEEMED OF INCREDIBLY GREAT AGE.

He took no notice of me! Finally I took courage in hand and went on deck, but there too, none would see me...

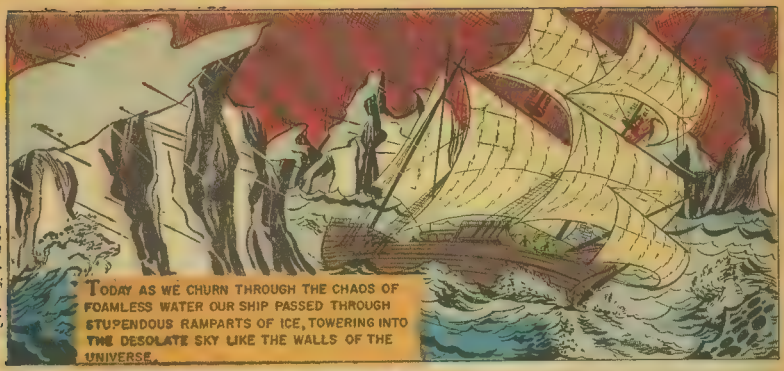
It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship. It is as if I were alone. I shall continue this journal as long as I am able.

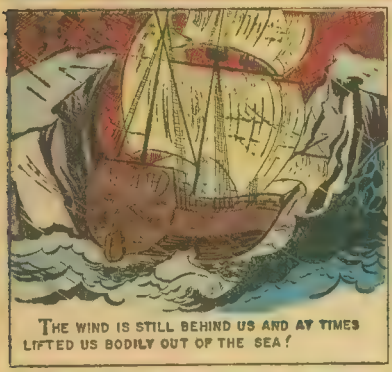
I have been looking at the timbers of the ship. They seem to have *grown* like the living body of a seaman!

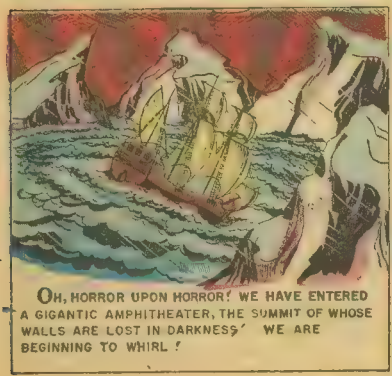
About an hour ago I mingled with the crew, but all seemed utterly unconscious of my presence.

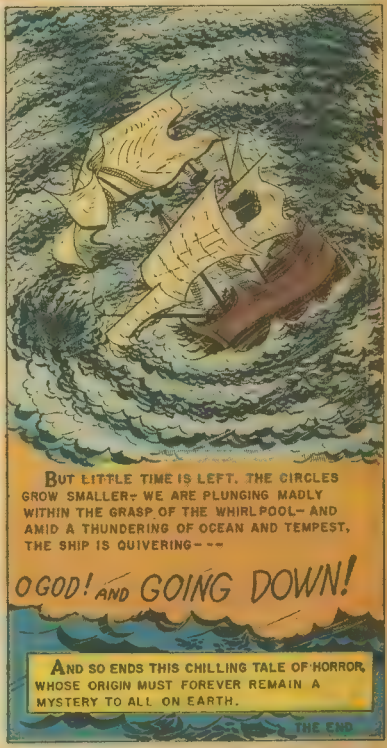
I have seen the captain face to face, but he too was unaware of my presence. The cabin is filled with ancient volumes, strange instruments and moldering charts.

He muttered to himself in peevish syllables of a foreign tongue. His voice reached my ears as though from the distance of a mile. I could stand it no longer and ran out.


TODAY AS WE CHURN THROUGH THE CHAOS OF FOAMLESS WATER OUR SHIP PASSED THROUGH STUPENDOUS RAMPARTS OF ICE, TOWERING INTO THE DESOLATE SKY LIKE THE WALLS OF THE UNIVERSE.


THE WIND IS STILL BEHIND US AND AT TIMES LIFTED US BODILY OUT OF THE SEA!


OH, HORROR UPON HORROR! WE HAVE ENTERED A GIGANTIC AMPHITHEATER, THE SUMMIT OF WHOSE WALLS ARE LOST IN DARKNESS! WE ARE BEGINNING TO WHIRL!


BUT LITTLE TIME IS LEFT. THE CIRCLES GROW SMALLER— WE ARE PLUNGING MADLY WITHIN THE GRASP OF THE WHIRLPOOL— AND AMID A THUNDERING OF OCEAN AND TEMPEST, THE SHIP IS QUIVERING— — —
O GOD! AND GOING DOWN!
AND SO ENDS THIS CHILLING TALE OF HORROR, WHOSE ORIGIN MUST FOREVER REMAIN A MYSTERY TO ALL ON EARTH.
THE END

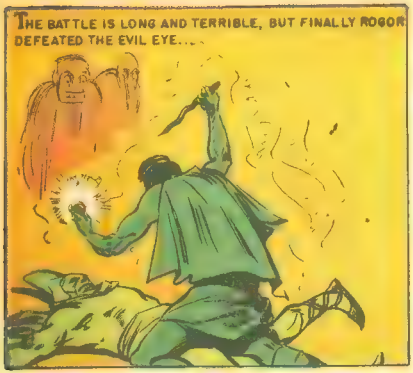
The EVIL EYE
FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS IT HAD BEEN BURIED--AN AWFUL THING OF DEPRAVITY AND VICIOUSNESS--WAITING FOR RELEASE. THEN CAME THE ARCHEOLOGISTS--DIGGERS INTO A PAST THAT HAD BETTER STAY HIDDEN--TO UNWITTINGLY FREE "THE EVIL EYE!"
THE TEMPLE OF THE MONSTER GOD, KLANNETH, IN ANCIENT CYMERIA, IN THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION...
NEVER AGAIN WILL KLANNETH OR HIS PRIESTS OF EVIL BRING TERROR TO OUR PEOPLE.
AYE, LORD ROGOR.
KR-AA-A-C
KLANNETH, I CONSIGN YOU AND ALL THAT AID YOU TO THE PIT OF EVERLASTING DOOM!

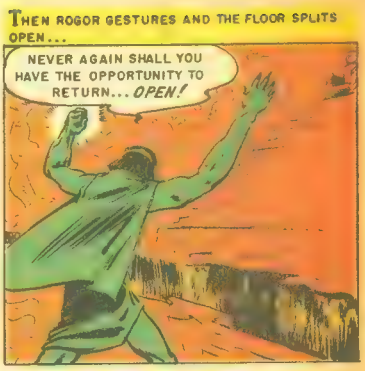
AND SO FOR MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS THE CASKET REMAINED LOCKED IN THE EARTH. THEN CAME BRADFORD THAYER AND HENRY DANE, TWO YOUNG ARCHEOLOGISTS, TO SEARCH FOR THE RUINS OF LONG FORGOTTEN CYMERIA... FOR WEEKS THEY HAD DUG WITHOUT SUCCESS. THEN ONE MORNING...
BRAD! WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! LOOK! A CASKET WITH A CYMERIAN INSCRIPTION!
MAYBE I CAN TRANSLATE IT!
I CAN READ IT! IT SAYS -- "HE WHO OPENS THIS CASKET RELEASES EVIL UPON THE WORLD GREATER THAN MAN HAS EVER SEEN."
BOSH! LET'S OPEN IT!
NO! LET'S WAIT TILL WE KNOW MORE ABOUT IT!
NONSENSE! ARE YOU AFRAID OF WHAT SOME SUPERSTITION-RIDDEN ANCIENT WROTE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS -- I JUST KNOW IF WE OPEN THAT CASKET, WE ARE IN TERRIBLE DANGER! PLEASE BELIEVE ME.
OKAY, OKAY! LET'S PUT IT ASIDE FOR NOW AND GET ON WITH OUR WORK.

THE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN BRAD LEFT THEIR TENT FOR A MOMENT, DANE COULD NO LONGER RESTRAIN HIMSELF...
BRAD CAN'T BE SERIOUS-- I'LL JUST TAKE A PEEK AND... GREAT SCOTT! LOOK AT THAT! WE'RE RICH!
IT GLOWS WITH THE FIRES OF HELL! NO ONE IN THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN A GEM LIKE THIS-- A GLOWING EYE OF FIRE...AN EVIL EYE! I... I FEEL STRANGE...
AS DANE CLASPED THE EVIL GLOWING THING, A SINISTER CHANGE TAKES PLACE...
IT GIVES ME A FEELING OF POWER! A LUST TO DESTROY!
IN A MOMENT, DANE BECAME A MONSTROUS BEAST OF THE DARK, POSSESSED BY THE ONCE AGAIN LIBERATED GOD OF EVIL...
SO, ROGOR, YOU DIDN'T SUCCEED AFTER ALL. I AM FREE AND YOU ARE DEAD.... HAHAHAHA! WHO WILL STOP ME NOW?
WHEN BRAD RETURNED TO CAMP A DREADFUL SIGHT MET HIS EYES...
GOOD LORD, WHAT'S HAPPENED?
MASTER--HELP... WE WERE ATTACKED BY THE EVIL EYE!
IT WAS A BEAST FROM HELL. IT CAME TO DESTROY... THIS CAMP IS ACCURSED...UHHH....
HE'S DEAD! DANE! WHERE ARE YOU, DANE!
3

FEAR CLUTCHING AT HIS HEART, BRAD BURST INTO THEIR TENT...
DANE! THE CASKET! HE OPENED THE CASKET! WHAT'S THIS?
AN AMULET-- AN ANCIENT CYMERIAN AMULET. THE MARK OF THE WARRIOR PRIESTS!
AS BRAD HOLDS THE STRANGE AMULET HE TOO CHANGES...
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I FEEL AS THOUGH SOMEONE ELSE WERE TAKING POSSESSION OF ME...
AND ONCE AGAIN THE WARRIOR PRIEST, ROGOR WALKED THE EARTH. THE CONQUEROR OF THE EVIL EYE LIVED ANEW...
KLANNETH IS FREE, BUT I WAS PREPARED FOR THAT. MY AMULET HAS DONE ITS WORK WELL. ONCE MORE SHALL I FACE MY ANCIENT ENEMY.
LEAVING THEIR TENT BRAD, NOW ROGOR, HEADED FOR THE ROCKS AND DESCENDED THROUGH A HIDDEN SHAFT INTO THE RUINED TEMPLE OF KLANNETH...
ROGOR! NO! NO! THIS TIME I SHALL CONQUER!
COME, MY WARRIORS, COME FROM THE BLACKNESS AND DESTROY THIS MEDDLING FOOL! COME AND KILL MY ENEMY!

AND FROM THE DARKNESS ON EITHER SIDE OF KLANNETH'S THRONE THERE APPEARED UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS FROM THE OUTER WORLD OF DARKNESS...
NOW, ROGOR, MY TURN HAS COME. THIS TIME YOU SHALL BE DESTROYED FOR ALL TIME!
BUT AS THE THINGS OF TERROR ADVANCED ON ROGOR, HE RAISED HIS ARMS AND CONJURED HIS OWN GODS TO APPEAR...
GODS OF GOODNESS! GODS OF THE PEOPLE OF CYMERIA, COME FORTH ONCE MORE AND DESTROY THE EVIL THAT THREATENS.
COME FORTH!
WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH THE GODS OF ROGOR APPEAR AND ATTACK THE HORRORS OF KLANNETH IN CATACLYSMIC BATTLE...
SUDDENLY THERE IS A FEARFUL CRACK OF THUNDER AND AN INTENSE FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT AS ROGOR'S GODS ARE VICTORIOUS...
ONCE AGAIN, KLANNETH, I CONQUER! YOU ARE DOOMED!
CR-A-C-K
NOT THIS TIME, ROGOR! IT IS YOU WHO WILL BE DESTROYED!
AAAAAYYEE!

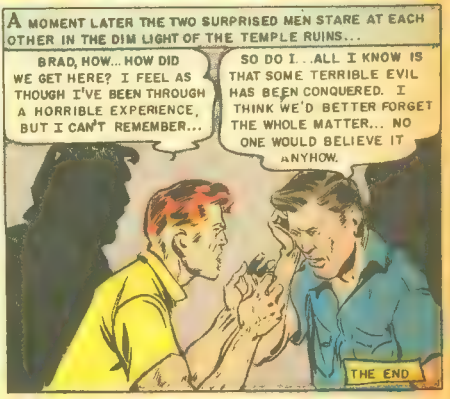

THE BATTLE IS LONG AND TERRIBLE, BUT FINALLY ROGOR DEFEATED THE EVIL EYE...


THEN ROGOR GESTURES AND THE FLOOR SPLITS OPEN...
NEVER AGAIN SHALL YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO RETURN... OPEN!

THE EVIL EYE THAT WAS YOUR POWER SHALL BE GROUND TO BITS BY THE EARTH MOTHER. ITS POWER IS ENDED FOREVER!

AND WITH ANOTHER GESTURE THE PIT CLOSES ON THE HORRIBLE, GLOWING EYE OF EVIL. AS IT DOES...
NOOOO! AAAAAYEEEE!

WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE EVIL EYE, THE SHADOW OF KLANNETH LEAVES DANE AS THAT OF ROGOR LEAVES BRAD...
OHHH, WHAT HAPPENED?
I'M DIZZY... TIRED... OHH!


A MOMENT LATER THE TWO SURPRISED MEN STARE AT EACH OTHER IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE TEMPLE RUINS...
BRAD, HOW... HOW DID WE GET HERE? I FEEL AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN THROUGH A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER...
SO DO I... ALL I KNOW IS THAT SOME TERRIBLE EVIL HAS BEEN CONQUERED. I THINK WE'D BETTER FORGET THE WHOLE MATTER... NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE IT ANYHOW.
THE END

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

RUSH COUPON NOW!

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury to Skin Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 509
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

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All the Latest Rules of Conduct, Covering Thousands of Situations, Right Up-to-Date! A 'Must' Book for Every Home, for All Young People!

You can't begin to BE YOURSELF if you are self-conscious, worried about doing the right thing. Smooth, gracious manners put you at ease. They serve as your letter of introduction, opening doors everywhere. All the information you need for getting along with people is freshly presented in THE DOLLAR BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. It gives you easy-to-read, easy-to-remember rules for the situations you are most likely to meet.

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109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

Send THE DOLLAR BOOK OF ETIQUETTE in plain wrapper. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days for refund.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $1.00 plus postal charges.
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Address _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

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How to Say "Those Little Things"
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New Styles Demand Smooth, Flat Tummy

Amazing New French Undergarment Girdle Makes You Look Your Best in New Fashions

MOST FLATTERING TUMMY CONTROL EVER CREATED

Wear TUMMY-TRIM **with** or **without** a girdle. TUMMY-TRIM is an entirely new kind of lightweight girdle. Its extra FLATTENING pressure is due to the criss-cross design plus a new strength elastic that s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s and adjusts automatically to shape your figure. Solid comfort! Better, more healthful posture! Exquisitely made! TUMMY-TRIM will actually improve your figure instantly and continue to better it day by day. The lacy trim completes its all-feminine picture. The four extra-length detachable adjustable garters are scientifically placed for comfort and to glamourize your legs.

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Here's the modern, up-to-the-minute sylph-trim figure that TUMMY-TRIM will give you. A dramatic change to an eye-full dreamy figure of charm, grace, and desire.

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Order today. Send the coupon. Try on and wear your TUMMY-TRIM for 10 days . . . Test it! Examine it! If not 100% delighted with your new figure and the tremendous value, return for prompt refund of the full purchase price. Waist sizes 24 to 30, $2.98. Waist sizes 32 to 48, $3.98.

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● Automatically adjusts for perfect fit ● Off or on in a jiffy ● Lightweight . . . boneless ● Extra strength, extra stretch, all - elastic Wonder-Web ● Reinforced for long wear ● Four 10-inch adjustable garters ● Guaranteed to combine style and quality or no cost ● Extra flattering—flattening ● Girdle that walks with you . . . never will ride up.

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The S. J. Wegman Company, Dept.134

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RUSH my new TUMMY-TRIM three-in-one at once. If I am not thrillingly satisfied, I may return it after 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Size.....(Waist size in inches)

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman, on delivery, cost of the garment plus few cents postage.

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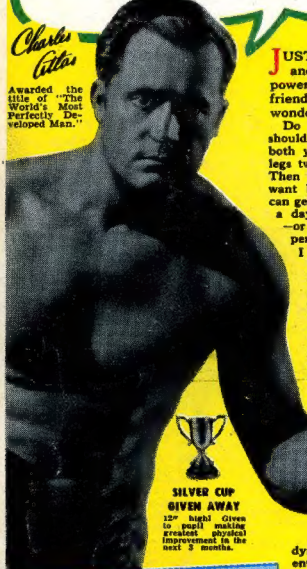
RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

. . . and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!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12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

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I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

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Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
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